## **涬來☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆** THE NEW EAST LYNNE

## By Clara Morris

'Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and Others.

she asked again, "How long, my God,

how long had she been standing there?"

CHAPTER XVI.

A "Lost Paradise."

ONE morning the air was so balmy, the sunshine so tempting, so springlike, the governess had

left May, little Phil and Scissors to enjoy an extra fifteen minutes in the park,

while she returned to make preparatory

She smiled a bit contemptuously as

she glanced up at the old Keith house.

without window boxes, with curtains

awry and shades at various levels,

brasses dull, and bits of straw and

paper left littering the small grass-

plot-"A house, like a looking-glass, re-

She ascended the stairs, Prof. Keith

"You did not then go to Boston to see

the wonderful intaglio at the museum? When you drove away yesterday I

fancied you longing and conquered all

Augustus at Actium'-it must be won-

derful. It may be that it dates from

-but there my errand was a different

one, and I have a word to say to you

about it while we are alone." He came

closer and lowered his voice. "I went to

my lawyer's and made a new will. It is

very simple and clear, my dear. All I

own, all I may die possessed of, is to be

divided into three equal parts-one to

son has means of his own and a fine

profession. But you-the thought of

She took his thin old hand between

her delicate ones. "You are a great-

somehow convinced, that I shall pass

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed; "think

"That is no argument. How often do

"In May?" interrupted the professor

"Yes, indeed I have. She seems absen

minded, wrapped, absorbed, exalted

"On the contrary, she studies harder

than ever, but she neglects her romps

"And worship you, dear madame! Sh-

loved you from the first, but now her

manner is idolatry. Yet I am unable

She was recalled by the professor

"Be very careful, madame, Olive I

"No." she answered, soothingly

Jealous-not suspicious. That matte

"Ah, yes, that grows intolerable! The

nour of sewing with her is a time o

penance. She questions me with imper

neart, soul and mind. Again, she will discuss private affairs and make revela-

tions that other women are decently si-

"But will you always be able to do

that? She has grown of late so irri-

table, so nervous; she is at variance

with the servants, she has become

sharp and short and very overbearing

with the children, and often sends May

and clenched themselves there hard and

The professor continued: "Olive's

emper was always hot and quick, but

oon over. Now it is not only a word

and a blow, but the blow first. And

For such a change there is a cause. It

or"-he flashed a quick arxious glance

at her-"or it is some woman's reason

Belden:

rom the room with tear-filled eyes." Madame's hands flew to her breast

lent about, Sometimes I suffer cruelly,

of the hair was only a vulgar curiosity

growing daily more suspicious."

a small impertinence.

Cruelly Ten pted.

in face of all her baiting."

and plays to dream and"-

date or special occurrence.'

of my years, child!'

all safe and secure—thank God!"

"Ah, yes-you mean The Triumph of

following her. As she began to lay out

the copy books, pencils, pens and ink

she remarked:

flects its mistress"-she murmured.

STROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Dachne, beautiful wife of Dr. Philip Keith, be kidnapped from her husband's New York home. Although innocent, she is made to appear at fault, and Philip believes her sality. Having escaped, she is returning same, when her train is wrecked. Daphne is bedly injure's and is disrigured for life, bedly injure's and is disrigured for life. Through an offisial bunder she is thought be be dead. Philip merries his ward, Olive is the bedly injure's little boy and girl are forbidden to mention their mother's name. Old Prof. Keith, Philip's grandfather, is the only one of the family who believes the missing wife innocent. Five years later, disguised as an old woman, and calling herself "Mme. Varide." Daphne secures a position as governess to her own children. The Professor learns her secret, but respects it. Olive is turious at the children's devotion to the governess, but Philip refuses to discharge the new comer. One night Clutterbuck, the eld cook, comes to Daphne's room for medicine. She sees Daphne without her discusse and shrieks with terror, thinking she peholds a ghost. Philip enters just as Daphne begs. Clutterbuck to guard her secret. is arrangements in the schoolroom.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.) Disguised!

"Whose ghost?" asked Olive Keith. But the old woman looked sullenly at "A ghost's a ghost. Never mind the

"Granddad," said the doctor, "send resistance?" these women up to their rooms again. See here, Clutterbuck, you've been putand ples—that's where your ghost comes the third century before Christ, and it's ting too much brandy in the sauces from. But what brought you here to this room, if you were sick?"

"I went to your room, sir, but all was black and quiet, and, seeing a light under Mrs Varide's door, I thought I would ask her for some drops, or something, and not disturb you, sir."

"Oh, all right! Wait here while I run downstairs for something to ease that May, one to young Mr. Keith and one

## In Peril.

As he left the room Olive, entering, passing and leaving you unprevided for gave a little start. Madame's long hair is unendurable. The lawyer has made was slipping down beneath the head shawl. Her bright eyes grew plercing. Madame felt her mocking gaze and wondered if another weak spot had been hearted gentleman and rarely kind to found in her make-up-she was on me. I thank you, sir, but I feel, I am thorns.

Then Mrs. Keith spoke: "You are very before you through that ever 'open original in the treatment of your hair, Madame; worn so straight in front, so Presentiments. beautifully curled in the back, Most women reverse the order."

"A-ah?" interrogated Madame. "You have the interest always in the small She shook her head. matters. It is a youthful quality. It would surely not add to the dignity we see young athletes followed to the of a middle-aged teacher of children to wear of the curis like a madamoiselle, weight of years? It is not a question 'bandeline,'" taking up a wide- of years, but where one has long amused mouthed bottle from the bureau, "that the Fates one grows somehow to dim! holds the hair so straight it costs— understand. My beauty invited destruction, mais, it costs much. To use it on all tion, my pride invited humiliation, and

the hair would be to beggar me. Does now my longing to serve my children Madame Keith take further interest in invites early death. You will see m the subject?" The governess's subserv- depart first, sir. Oh, by the way, have sent, respectful attitude contradicted you noticed any change"-

"Olive! Oh. Olive!" called the doctor "Come down here and help me a mo ment?"-and with flushed face and mentally? What does it mean? Is she snapping eyes she left the room and neglecting lessons?" cended the stairs, passing the Pro-

"Thank you," whispered Daphne.

"Oh, thank you for your stience, Clut- to trace the change to any particular

That honest creature rocked back and But Mme. Varide's memory flew to forth distressedly and groaned:

Why are you here in these duds? nized and called her "mistress," and with herself. yerself on a footin' with ser- that little figure had been standing at vants? Is it because of your spoiled the open door-how long-oh, how long! lovely as a marble figure. And your so slient? bair is a crown of glory! Put on your own clothes and claim yer rights! voice. He was saying anxiously: And turn down the treacherous young cat that tried for yer place long before yer left it!"

"No. Clutterbuck, you do not understand. I do not mean to trouble anyone, if I am left alone, Only, Louise, could not live without the sight of my children. I was almost mad with longing, before this chance came to me!" A new thought had come to Clutterbuck that brought a scowl to her face "A-and what 'come-by-chance' was it that I follered to the grave, ma'am. tinent insistence, trying to probe my or was it an empty box'I shed my tears

### Discovery!

"No, Clutterbuck, do not grudge the tears you shed. You followed to the grave a good and worthy woman who had found the world beautiful but very hard and cruel. God rest her soul!" "Amen," answered the serving-wom en, and stopped speaking at Daphne'. gesture of warning at an approaching

step.
'Twas the doctor with a poultice one hand, and a calming draught in the other. "Come, old lady, get back to your room. And after you take this night-cap, we'll clap on this poultice-It is own sister to the one that half cooked you a month ago. And you go easy on the cooking brandy, or you'll be seeing worse things than ghosts. Livelier things, and more of them! Good night, Madame Varide, I hope that this time you may get a chance to

The two out of the room, Madame physical perhaps!" locked the door, and as she faced about she saw the opposite door was ajar. face. She caught at a chair back, For With wildly beating heart she ap- a moment there was a mighty rushing proached, and in the aperture, holding in her ears, a swelling rage possessed hard to the door-knob, stood little May, her. She understood now, and she sufher small face gleaming white from the fered intensely. She had been right dark clouding hair, her blue eyes wide when long ago she had said to Stanley

the woman, as she opened her arms to of loving." the silent figure that sprang to her, To Philip she had given so utterly, wrapping slender arms about her neck, so recklessly her all of tenderness, of while all the slim body shook aspen- warm young passion, that when he first

And seeing the light in the wide eyes | lieved, degraded her love, the passion growing brighter and ever brighter, the dled forever; so that at the sight of her woman asked herself, "Is this fright, husband grown somewhat heavier, with

or-rapture?" She asked no glestion: only led the alism about his lower face, her jealousy Shild back to her bed and knelt caress had been more for her lost dignity than for the faithless husband.





### Flirtation Is a Game at Which Two Can Play

By Helen Oldfield.

kindly and spontaneous, who intend no harm and really do little, and that unwittingly.

The first class are veritable birds of prey. The man probably is a delightful companion, an ideal cavalier, the sort of man who thoroughly understands how and young, they are all fair game for her, and if hearts are damaged she is to make himself agreeable to woman; a man whose society a woman always enjoys, especially if she is wise enough not to take him seriously. But, alas for ner, if she falls to realize that she is but one of many to him, that his heart. like a mirror, always reflects the image which happens to be nearest, she blissfully accepts his subtle suggestion, implied rather than actually spoken, that s is the one woman in the world for him, which she perhaps is for the moment. that night when Clutterbuck had recog- and fondly believes that, although he has flirted with others, he really is in love

When the novelty passes or a new face takes his fancy he is off and away. and the woman who has been too credulous must bear or conceal her hurt as face? Why, all the body of yer is as What had she heard, and why was she best she can. It surely is an unpardonable breach of effquette for a man to abuse cago Tribune.

hospitality and the courtesy of acquaintance by conduct of this kind. Especially OST persons who seriously consider the subject will agree that there is a pronounced etiquette in firstion. Filirs of both sexes may be broadly divided into two classes—the wanton and deliberate and the game worth the candle there is some excuse to be made for the kindly and spontaneous, who intend no born and really do Netla and the game worth the candle there is some excuse to be made for the parlor with a young lady three years may be thinks the game worth the candle there is some excuse to be made for the parlor with a whon I call. I have me when we met. A short time ago I was always paid attention to man who helps her to play it. is it unfair when his victim is a young girl whose experience of men's ways is

The wanton woman flirt possibly is more dangerous than the man. It is to be doubted whether she has any heart, only insatiable vanity. All is fish which comes to her net. She uses her powers on all who come within her reach. Old sure that her own will not suffer. Her veracity is as elastic as her conscience, and she has no faith that love can hurt any man. She is like the fishwoman who defended her practice of skinning eels alive by saying that they were used

seing dangerous. They are fond of the society of the other sex. They possess of the evening. However, she doesn't ship. the art of pleasing and exercise it, but they play the game fairly, nor ever appear too much in earnest. There is no poaching, no snares are laid for the unwary, and if harm be done it is because people have misunderstood them.-Chi-

Very Often the Case. \*)MMY-Pop, a man's wife is his

better half, isn't she? Tommy's Pop-So we are told.

Tommy-Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there? -Home Magazine.

Physical Culture Helps Women.

TAMES CARROLL, amateur lightweight boxing champion of San Francisco said at the end of a recent women's boxing and fencing exhibition: "Physical culture among women, women's growing strength and pluck, lend interest to marriage, change marriage's complexion.

"'How is poor Smithers gettin' on?' said one man to another. "'Well,' said the other, 'Smithers is now almost recovered from the beatin' he gave his wife last Saturday night."

Mother Coose a la Newport. ITTLE Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet Playing "bridge whist" all night; But a society shark Found she was a mark-

And won all her cash ere 'twas light -Chicago News

# By Wyncie King

Boarding House Fables

'Some of the Huffy-Duffy Bonnets Here Act as if 'Etiquette' Was the Name of a New Pudding."

By Joseph A. Flynn.

o you know, I'm really beginning to think that it doesn't pay to be courteous nowadays," I remarked to Tess at dinner last evening, meanwhile wondering how many disguises a veal cutlet is capable of assuming. "Somebody must have used your tender trilbys for a

mat on the way home to-night," she replied, laughingly. But for once in your life you're pretty near right at that, How to Be Polite in the Subway, or Anywhere Else, Though It Hurts' isn't read any more. Instead, 'How to Use Your Elbows and Shoulders on Cripples and Elderly Ladies' is selling to beat the band. "Mrs. Starve-em always says 'If you want to reach

the top forget you're a lady.' That seems to be the goods nowadays, and, judging from some of the huffy-duffy bonnets here, that act as if 'etiquette' was the name of a new pudding, it must certainly pay. If you hang back and let the rest of the merry villagers waltz you off the sidewalk you might as well dig your grave among the deal ones. "Once upon a time the first fellow on the job usually landed it, after sitting

up all night; but no more. Now the brassy boy who rambles in late, walks up past the whole crowd and calls the boss by his first name is asked to name his figure on the spot. "Take the gang here. Some of these settlers waltz down at the last minute, but the moment they annoy the napkin they raise a three-dollar howl. the result? They're waited on first, and when they leave there's nothing in

'When I was a gerry the first thing I was taught, but never practised, was to try and be last at the table, and always wait for Mr. Food to come to me. If I was to walt now I'd starve to death. So there's only one thing for you to do, and that is forget mother's advice and join the butt-ins.

sight but empty plates and the tablecloth.

"If you see an empty seat in the car fill it right away. Never mind the poor woman up at the other end with a crutch under each arm who has had her "If you want to be in with the 'also rans' at a swell racket, and don't own an

invite, go first and apologize afterward.

"Do you see that swell-looking Henrietta over there on the other side of the table, behind the string beans, giving Mrs. Starve-em an earful about how to keep her sable boa and muff healthy in summer so the moth family won't make a meal of it? Well, she married one of the wildest Johns that was ever let lecse. He belonged to the Bear tribe, and talked like the wind playing tag with a lot of loose shutters on a March night. Her middle name was Politeness, and every time he gave her a swift call she'd sit there like an angel child. When she did come back she slipped it to him so easy that he'd get gay and give her a few more. Whenever she wanted anything in the wear line she had to write a ten-page letter about it, and then take a lot of guff about denting his bank account.

"She never ran up against that kind of a game when she lived with mother beside the rippling brook. The more she doped it out the more it eat her up, and she was beginning to look like one of the Match Sisters, when the old lady took her case, told her to forget that she was ever a lady and come back at him with his own material. Henrietta promised to follow directions, and that night when Hubby stumbled up the ladder and opened the gate with a slumbering call she met him with open arms and closed fists."

"And I suppose it wasn't long before their troubles reached the divorce court, eh?" I inquired, trying to figure out whether the panic in Wall street and the subsequent shrinkage in the value of securities had any effect on the biscuits. "You'd better hit up more fish. It's good for the brain," Tess replied, "He forks over his tin every Saturday now, like a kid with his first week's salary,

and thinks she's the only picture in the house." 

To See Her Alone.

ents that it is sometimes embarrassing man? for young people to carry on conversa- As he seems to take an interest in

tion before their elders I think they you, there is no harm in asking him to would leave her with you alone for part call if you wish to continue the friendseem to be particularly anxious to have She Doesn't Forgive Him.

Too Young to Marry.

Dear Betty:

Ask Him to Call.

AM twenty-four and keep company | AST summer I met a young man spoken to her several times about it, but again met him at a ball, but this time she makes no attempt to remedy this. he did not have his friend with him, Do you think it would cause a quarrel and he said he did not know her any between her and her folks if she told more. He asked me if I were keeping A. Z. company, and I said no. Do you think If the young lady explains to her par- I should pay atention to this young

Dear Betty:

T WAS engaged to a young girl, but

she heard that I told her a hie before
S it proper for a young Catholic of
we were engaged, and she will have twenty-one to marry a Jewess of nothing to do with me any more. I see eighteen whom he loves when he now my fault, and am trying to make nother disapproves of the match? He all good again, but without result. What has known the lady for over five years.

E. M. love the girl deeply and she will not

Many marriages have turned out forgive me?

UNHAPPY.

happily even though the husband and wife were of different religions. But both you and the young lady are enfalth in you is shaken, and even though the learn you shaken, and even though tirely too young to marry. Wait until she loves you she will not forgive quickyou are twenty-five, and by that time your mother will probably give her consent to the match.

Walt until you such a grave offense. If you continue your attentions and stick to the truth she will no doubt forgive you in time.

# Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

THE VALUE OF GENTLENESS.



N a city like New York, where it is almost necessary for the mildest-mannered of people to use a certain amount of aggressiveness, the real value of gentleness has pracically been lost. It is a hard school, in which every day we must needs learn a new lesson of self-control or else become more and more brutalised by contact with surging multitudes of other workers like ourselves. And as our natures become brutalized, so do our faces. There is the unmistakable mark which detracts from beauty and femininity and makes for hard lines and coarsened features.

In taking crowded cars, subways and elevated, during the rush hours, one must push and elbew ene's way to the door, not alone for a seat, but for actual standing room, else car after car will close its doors in one's face. And still it is almost without exception the weman with the gentle demeanor who gets a seat. If she is quiet and gracious and

refrains from making a dash for every seat that is vacated she seldom has to stand long. But it is hard, very hard, to remember all this when there is a surging mass of humanity pressing you from behind to get en, and another wave inundating you from the front to get off. I saw one little woman the other day nold up both arms like an exhausted swimmer who is about to go under, and look helplessly around her, while her aisters who were bigger and stronger fairly hurdled over her to board the train. But the starter noticed her plight and landed her safely on the car, and a few moments later somebody else gave her a seat, while the amazons who had formed the front battalion which had se ruthlessly rushed past her defiantly clung to straps.

It was then brought to me very forcibly that it does not pay to be fierce and rough, even when the situation seems to demand it. It is positively never an excellent thing in a woman. It hardens her face, makes her voice harsh and maping and removes forever that charm which is her hirthright and her greatest weapon in the battle oflife—namely, her womanliness. rose, 1 dram each; glycerine, 1-4 ounce; rectified spirits, 11-2 ounces; distilled

water, 18 ounces. Let the mixture M-Try this formula: Dry salts of discost with frequent stirring for a tartar (carbonate of potash), 1 week and then filter. Moisten the dram; cochineal (powdered), 1-2 hair with the lotion when dressing.



























